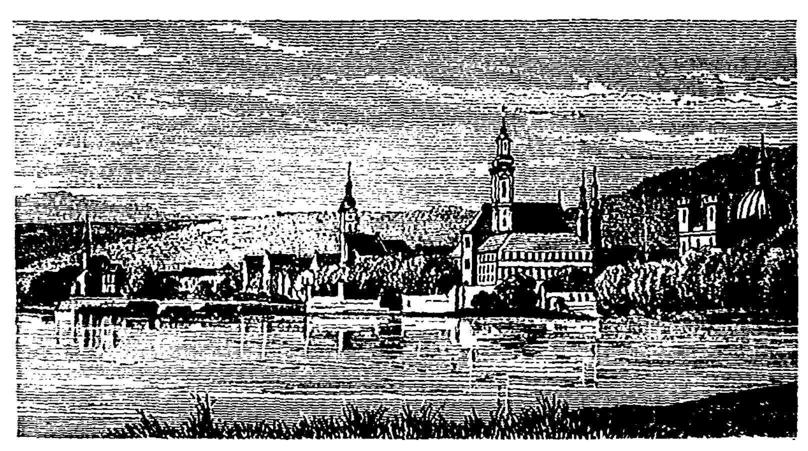
HUNGARIAN TYPES AND AUSTRIAN PICTURES.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



VIEW OF WAITZEN.

AN old gentleman whom I had known in other climes, and when he was seeing better days, accompanied me through the darkened streets of Pesth to a garden in the suburbs, and, seating me before a green table under a mass of vines, he knocked loudly and cried out, "Now I am going to show you something very curious."

A sleepy-looking waiter shuffled in and took the venerable gentleman's order for a flask of the very best red wine. At that moment a little curtain amid the foliage rolled up, and a dashing young fellow, with a sinister look about the eyes, came forward to the smoking footlights of a tiny stage and began to sing a song.

"That's it!" cried my friend. "He always sings the brigand ballad at this hour. You shall be delighted. Listen!"

I did. It was the most remarkable song that I ever heard. In it the brigand of the steppes related the savage joys of his adventurous life—the peril, the assault, the battles with herdsmen and

travellers, as well as his rustic love. The Hungarian language sounded extremely poetic as this stage-brigand sang it. In the music there was the wild wail, the intense passionate earnestness, the rude poetry which you can understand when you have heard Remenyi play upon his violin or Liszt upon his piano. What is this wonderful, this fascinating echo in a minor key which is heard in the music throughout South-eastern Europe? Whence comes it?

Brigands still flourish in some parts of Hungary, but when caught they are so severely dealt with that many are abandoning the career for the safer ones of shepherds or nomadic fortune-tellers and tinkers. The peasantry have a dangerous tendency to make popular heroes of them. Among these brigands have now and then appeared adorable types of beauty, of exquisite manly grace, which made many fair ladies' hearts ache. In a few years the last brigand will have vanished, in company with the remaining bits of costume to which certain people in Hungary still fondly cling. Let the artist who would catch the picturesque aspects of peasant-life in this country hasten, for the young generation is getting into the hideous black clothes, slouch hats and sombre petticoats that offend the eye in Northern Germany. Munkacsy has painted a few bits from sketches made among the lower classes of his fellow-countrymen: how fresh, original and sympathetic they are! And what a noble head the artist himself has! It is a real Hungarian type, symmetrical, strong, framed in handsome beard and crowned with finely-colored hair. When Munkacsy walks on the Paris boulevards passers who do not know him turn to stare at him. "If he is not something exceptional, he ought to be," they say to themselves. One sees dozens of striking faces in the course of a day's walk in Pesth. Sometimes they are deceptive, and the lad whom one takes for an incipient poet is only a vulgar schoolboy, with few ideas above his dinner and his geography, or the man of noble and stately port is a waiter in a restaurant. Beauty has been lavished on many people without respect to class or fortune. Yet the ugly types are so hideous that I doubt if they can be equalled elsewhere. The gypsies at the Kaiserbad and around the other "oven"-like heated grounds from which *Ofen* takes its name are as fantastic as the beggars in Doré's illustrations to Balzac's *Contes Drolâtiques*. The old peasant-women who beg on the fine bridge over the Danube are such wrecks of humanity that one vainly endeavors to discover in them any remnants of past grace or beauty.

The Esterhazy Gallery is so well known that I will only mention the extreme pride which the Hungarians take in it—a pride heightened, perhaps, by the fact that the beautiful collection was ceded by Vienna to Pesth. There are Hungarians who would willingly take the Grand Opera-house, the Belvidere, the Votive Church and the Palace of Schönbrunn from Vienna if they could, although they have an admirable opera of their own, and palaces enough to house the memories of all their kings. The Hungarians are good Wagnerites, and bestow much attention upon the music of the erratic and immortal Richard.

Up river, toward Vienna, the intelligent traveller who will not be dictated to by Murray or Baedeker, and who scorns haste, can find dozens of interesting excursions. He will not think the Hungarian village very impressive, especially if he happens into it on a rainy day. The streets have no sidewalks, and are speedily transformed into mud-puddles under the furious rains which now and then beat across hill and plain. The houses are low, blessed with but few windows, and the doors are narrow. The inn has some wooden benches in front of its principal entrance, and there wagoners sit and drink, even in the rain. Solemn processions of geese promenade the muddy ways, now and then indulging in sinister cries rather more discordant than any accents to be heard in the human dialects thereabouts. Bare-limbed peasant-girls stare at the strangers and laugh at them. Even an Austrian excites their attention and their critical remarks.

The extensive fleet of Danube steamers is built at Old Ofen, but a short distance above the newer and principal town of that name. Old Ofen is charmingly situated among vineyards, and the activity of the fresh-water dockyards and the beauty of the vine-clad slopes are only made more striking by contrast with many ugly and tumbling hovels in which a rabble of low Jews herd to-



VIEW OF GRAN.

gether. The Jews have been so ambitious to build a fine synagogue that they have quite forgotten decency in housing themselves. Their church at Alt Ofen exceeds any other of its religion in Austria-Hungary in grace of design and beauty of decoration. Hundreds of workmen are employed in the yards of the Danube Steam Navigation Company, for the number of barges, towboats, rafts and express steamers required for the commerce of the great stream is legion. Destruction of property is rare, but the company has found it necessary to increase its stock steadily for many years, and in the winter harbor at Pesth there is a veritable flotilla when ice has formed on the stream.

Waitzen, Gros-Maros, Wissegrad and Gran are all so unlike any towns in Middle Europe that the traveller whose æsthetic sense has been dulled by too much sameness in France and Belgium and Northern Germany will feel his heart leap up with a sense of gratitude when he sees them. Waitzen is full of quaint monuments left by the Romans or constructed in the Middle Ages; and in the episcopal palace especially—for it is the seat of a see—there are great numbers of curious relics. The cathedral is not more than a hundred years old, but is a noble monument, resembling its mighty brother at Gran above. Perhaps the most noticeable peculiarity of Waitzen is the manner in which the town is divided into quarters. In one lives a Roman Catholic population, which has little or nothing to do with the Protestants, who are ensconced in a section by themselves; and both these peoples consider that they have a right to look down upon the Servians, who of course profess the Greek Protestant rite. Waitzen is like many other towns in Austria-Hungary in the variety of its populations and the diversity of their beliefs, but unlike most of them in the manner in which its peoples keep apart.

Wissegrad (the "high fortress"), where Matthias Corvinus built many a pleasant château and embellished numerous gardens, is a monument to the stupid mania for destruction which characterized the Turks' entry into Europe. In the eleventh century Hungarian kings had already established themselves there, and the peasants in the vineyards can tell the lingering pedestrian any quantity of legends, more or less authentic, but all, to their thinking, solidly founded on the eternal rock. The old walls of the fortress, twice dismantled—once by the Turks, and once by the emperor Leopold—are bathed by the smoothly-flowing Danube, which here is exquisitely beautiful. A lofty ruined tower, the most conspicuous object at Wissegrad, was once a state prison, and many a victim of royal caprice languished here for long years, hearing no cheerful sound save the gurgling of the Danube when a storm came, or an occasional shout from a passing boatman. The rocks rise in the wildest fashion on every side, and the brilliant southern sun beats fiercely upon their peaks of porphyry and limestone.

Raab is a town which merits attention, and, turning aside from the high road of travel, the visitor may speedily reach it by a fascinating route. It was there that Francis Joseph gave evidence of his thorough pluck during the siege in 1849, when he signified his determination to lead the assault on the insurgents in Raab in person. It was with difficulty that General Schlick dissuaded the emperor from the hazardous adventure. Raab has a handsome twelfth-century cathedral, and the guides also show strangers some horrible dungeons into which the Turks, when they were there, used to throw their prisoners.

Gran is one of the most ancient towns in Hungary. The Hungarians call it *Esztergom*, and a hundred ballads sing its praises. Its cathedral has a huge dome, which the pious folk of the locality are fond of likening to that of St. Peter's at Rome; and one can scarcely summon up courage to undeceive them. An altarpiece in the cathedral represents the baptism of St. Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary and founder of the bishopric at Gran nearly nine centuries ago. The Turks have left their marks on the sacred edifices here. It provokes a smile to wander through Hungary, not-

ing this evidence of Turkish barbarism and rage, and at the same time hearing everywhere from Hungarian lips most enthusiastic praise of the invading Mussulman.

From Pesth to Presburg the journey up the Danube by river or by the railroad, which keeps close to the stream's bank, is charming. The mountains are with you, grave, majestic: from Presburg the view of the far-away chain of hills is ravishing. You are in a land of



WOMEN GARDENING IN THE ENVIRONS OF PESTH.

sunshine and song, where blood runs quickly, yet is so hot that it almost burns the veins; where faces are swart and limbs are round and eyes sparkle; where the vines in the lusty autumn are loaded with millions of clusters of exquisite grapes; where the plains are rich in a hundred colors; where legend has consecrated every stone; where men talk in heroic terms, and every fellow, even though he be but a sorry one, may boast of the glorious deeds of his ancestors.

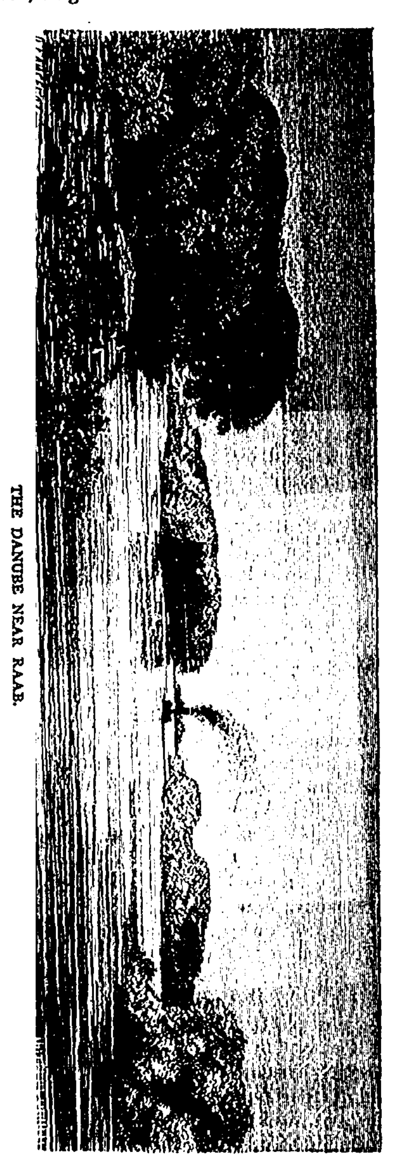
This is the land of Strauss's "Danube:" this is the country whence comes the bewitching, maddening music which has affected us all. Here the venerable towns, half hidden under moss and vines, seem to protest against the tooting horn of the railway-porter and the shriek of the locomotive: they appear to frown upon the present, or to pray it to pass them by as gently and with as little ostentation as possible. Here and there, however, the present has given an added interest to the glories of the past, as at Komorn—ancient Komorn—at the junction of the Waag with the Danube. Under Matthias Corvinus the fortifications of Komorn sprang into existence, and they were, even in his day, one of the glories of Hungary. At the beginning of this century they were immensely enlarged and strengthened, and the Austrians little dreamed that they would be used to sustain an Hungarian army against Austrians during the bloody and perturbed hours of 1849. Komorn made a successful defence at that time, and might perhaps do so again. If the noble Magyars should have no other means of defeating an Austrian army in any future complications, they could send out to the besiegers a few wagon-loads of the potent wine of Neszmely, which grows on the hills near by, and that would have the desired effect. Your Austrian cannot drink wine moderately, as your delicate Southern Hungarian does: he must guzzle it in large quantities, and the effect is disastrous to his sobriety.

On many a peak of mountain or slope of hill one sees rich abbeys surrounded by carefully-tilled lands, and also great castles, reminding one that the feudal epoch has not yet entirely passed away in Hungary. The friar and the master of the manor are still important figures there. The servile peasant does not realize his condition here, although in some sections of the country he has begun to think. But he is not oppressed. If it were not for the spectre of military service, he might with justice consider his lot enviable by comparison with that of the peasantry in certain lands less favored by Nature than his own. He is devout, and would not like to see the clergy or nobility deprived of their privileges, no matter how they obtained them. I do not mean to have it understood that landlords have legally any of the old-fashioned feudal control over their tenants. The legislation of 1848 abolished all *droits du seigneur*, which had already lasted longer in Hungary than in most European countries; and the "lords of the soil" were indemnified for any losses which they might incur, by funds taken from the state revenues. But there has never been any such great and general redistribution of land in Hungary as came in France after the great Revolution, and as must some day come in England. The lawmakers of 1848 hoped for more radical results than have been achieved. The peasant has not made the best use of his opportunities. Small farmers are still the exception, and one sees the vast estates tilled by a humble tenantry that seems curiously unconscious of its emancipation. The Slavs and the two millions of Roumanians in Hungary are jealous of their rights, but the peasant born on the soil does not share their jealousy. He sows his summer and winter wheat, his grass-seed and his tobacco, contentedly; cultivates the vine; tends the hive of the industrious bee; raises cattle and horses; toils in the forest right manfully, and accepts the wages dictated. His policy is that of his employer and of his village priest.

The train which brings one to Presburg whirls along the edges of steep banks which are crowded with fat vineyards. In autumn the spectacle is amazing. As far as the eye can reach in every direction except the site of the town a sea of vines salutes the view. Presburg people are fond of their own wines, as the traveller speedily discovers by a short sojourn among them. They talk as glibly of the virtues of some special vintage as of the proud days when the Hungarian monarchs came to be crowned in the town. The ancient capital has a somewhat neglected air: the citadel, on an imposing hill, is partially ruined, and the royal palace, which looked down

on the Danube from a high plateau, was burned about fifty years ago. This palace was in a beautiful spot. Climbing up through the crooked and ill-smelling Judengasse, and passing under a massive gateway, one gets from various vantage-grounds among the ruins a superb outlook over the fertile plains and the old city lying calm and silent at one's feet; over the villages scattered along the slopes of the Little Carpathians; and over many a rustic merrymaking in pleasant grove or inn-yard, for the Hungarians have as many fête-days as the French, and make quite as liberal use of them. It is a trial to one's nerves to wander through the Judengasse, for the amiable Hebrew of the lower classes seems determined in Presburg, as in many other cities in the dual empire, to pay as little attention as possible to cleanliness in his dwelling. Sunshine does not penetrate his haunts: it makes one shudder to peer into the black holes in which he lives, and then to gaze up out of the vile lane at the luminous sky, and to remember the vineyards, the river, the orchards, the perfumed thickets, from which the children of Abraham seem voluntarily to have shut themselves out.

Presburg is not far from Vienna, and the cookery at one of its inns is so renowned that hundreds of excursions yearly go out from the Austrian capital to dine on pheasants and to drink the ruddy wine in the old town. Then the lanes and the pleasant roads by the riverside resound with the uproarious merriment of the Austrian who has dined well, and some of the graver of the inhabitants sneer at his antics, for they do not like him, even when he is sober. Two American friends informed me that, having once sent a telegraphic order from Vienna for a dinner at the inn in Presburg—kept by a landlord rejoicing in the classic name of Paluygay—they found such a gorgeous repast awaiting them that they began to feel some misgivings about the size of the bill. But when it was brought they were agreeably surprised to discover that it amounted to but six guldens, *or a dollar and a half apiece!* Pheasant and white wines would have cost a trifle more than that in America, England or France.



THE DANUBE NEAR RAAB.

The sights of Presburg are not numerous. There is a beautiful Gothic

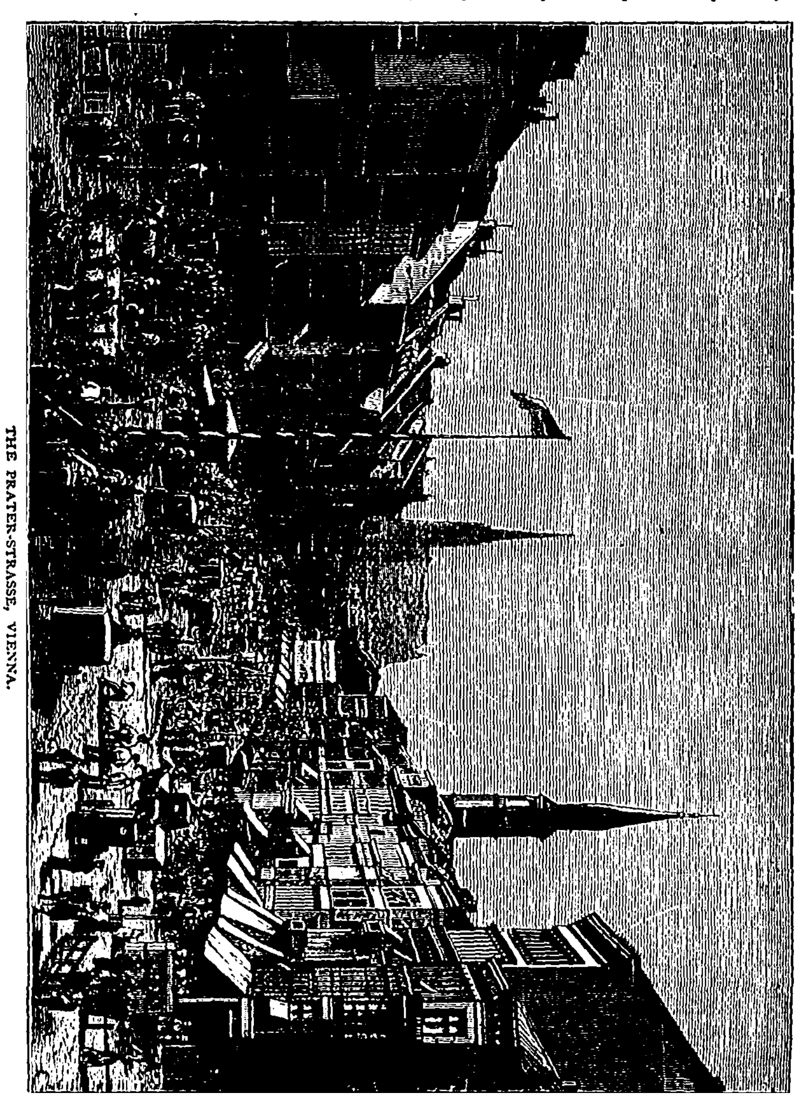
church over which various architects toiled for four hundred years. Therein the kings were crowned; and not far from the river was the *Krönungshügel*, like that now in Pesth—the mound of earth whence the king brandished his sword against the four quarters of the globe, menacing all humankind with destruction if it dared to scowl at Hungary. The museums, the old seat of the imperial diets, the lines of the bulwarks, now converted into handsome promenades, arrest the attention for a day or two only. There is many a finely-wooded hill in the neighborhood dotted with monasteries, some of which are in ruins, others still prosperous and tenanted; and he who understands Hungarian may amuse himself well by wandering among the rustics and the monks. The peasantry is hospitable in the highest degree, and extremely civil, and the local authorities are the same, if they do not take it into their heads to fancy that you are a Russian spy.

Theben, on the left bank of the Danube, above Presburg, is very striking in appearance. The Hungarians often speak of it as the gateway to their kingdom. It is at the point where the Morava River, which forms a kind of natural boundary between Austria and Hungary, empties into the Danube, and there once stood a fortified work near the junction of the streams, but the French destroyed it in 1809. The castle, of wild and straggling architecture, still exists. Who knows what sanguinary battles may not yet be fought near Theben? History, it is said, repeats itself, but the present Habsburg dynasty doubtless disbelieves that it will do so in the case of Theben. The journey to Vienna by boat is far preferable to that by rail from Presburg, for on the river one has a chance to observe the famous "Hat Hill," near the church of St. John, at Deutsch Altenberg. This hat hill is a mound sixty feet high, constructed, it is said, with hatsful of earth which the worthy burghers contributed to celebrate their joy at the expulsion of the Turks. The boat also passes near Lobau Island, and one can see the villages of Aspern, Essling and Wagram, after the last two of which the French, when they were flushed with victory, named two of the elegant avenues of new Paris, without even taking the trouble to consult the Austrians' feelings on the subject. Near Lobau the Danube flows swiftly, and its current is rough and boisterous. It seems hastening away from the scene of national humiliation to more smiling and peaceful scenes below. Napoleon I. once had his head-quarters on the low, narrow wooded islet, and for four days sent forth those terrible orders which resulted in frightful carnage at the battle of Wagram and in the signing of peace by the Austrians shortly afterward. There are still some traces of fortifications on the Lobau, and every year thousands of curious visitors go to see them and to trace the battle-ground according to the legends of the oldest inhabitants. It is needless to say that in the immediate vicinity of Essling and Wagram the French visitor is not looked upon with friendly eyes, although throughout Austria generally Frenchmen receive plenty of that sympathy which springs from the common hatred that two unfortunate nations feel for successful Prussia and her victorious armies.

The largest Danube steamers — those which descend as far as Galatz and the Black Sea — do not go nearer Vienna than a point just above Lobau Island. Travellers are brought up in small and swiftly-running steamboats under the great bridges into the "Danube Canal," and are allowed to disembark only a few minutes' ride from the heart of the "Kaiserstadt," as the Austrians fondly like to call their beautiful capital.

Vienna is a city of delights, and one never regrets a sojourn in it; but this does not appear at first sight to the newcomer. . The older portions of the town have a stern and almost forbidding aspect. There are great numbers of narrow streets, mysterious passage-ways, which bring you face to face with low, sombre buildings, black with age, and so dreary that you fancy them prisons. The iron bars or gratings at all the windows of the lower stories do not aid in dispelling this illusion. Just as you

are beginning to fancy that you must retire and seek out a new route, you see a road leading under an arch or beneath a house, and, boldly pushing forward, find yourself perhaps in a main avenue, perhaps in a public square, or possibly



THE PRATER-STRASSE, VIENNA.

in a new labyrinth. Surprises await you on every hand. The Prater-Strasse, wide, well paved, with horse-railroads traversing it in all directions, and with houses of brick or brownstone or immense stuccoed mansions, reminds you of the better portions of Fourth or Sixth avenue in New York. A glimpse of the

magnificent "Ring," as the circular street running around the whole of the old city is called, is a forcible reminder of the Paris boulevards. A peep into the Judengasse recalls to you the slums of Frankfort-on-the-Main, as well as those of Pesth. The Graben, a smart promenade in a central section, gives you a queer sensation of being on the border-line of the Orient, because of the odd statues which adorn it—statues such as one sees in smaller towns near the frontier of Turkey-in-Europe. The splendor of a goodly number of the principal edifices astonishes you: here is new Europe springing into life close beside the old and decaying Europe. Vienna is so rich in exterior sights, the out-of-door life is so abundant and variegated, there is such a never-ending procession of interesting figures in every street and alley, that you speedily become fascinated, although your first walk of an hour or two disappointed and, mayhap, vexed you. If you arrive in autumn, you are almost certain of finding a cold wind abroad to worry you, and to explain why it is that so many of the cafés and beer-houses have double windows, and why such a small number of people sit out of doors. It may be remarked here that the Austrians, and especially the Viennese, share the German prejudice against fresh air, and exclude it whenever and wherever they can. To throw open a window in a horse-car or in a public room, even on a moderately warm day, would be to encounter a certain torrent of reproaches. The Grand Opera-house is the only properly ventilated building in Vienna. In summer and in the early autumn thousands of people dine and sup daily in the open air, but the moment that there is a suspicion of rawness in the breeze they fly to close rooms.

I left the huge building which serves as an office for the Danube Steamboat Company one summer evening just as the swarms of workers were beginning to leave their shops and get home to their suppers, and wandered carelessly until I came to the venerable cathedral known as St. Stephen's. In the information-office of the steamboat company I had had an excellent opportunity to judge of the cosmopolitan nature of the populations. Each notice was printed in Polish, Slavic, German, Servian and Italian. The dialects of the Slavic language are so essentially different from each other that several versions in this lively tongue were printed and affixed to the wall. Interpreters stood ready at hand in the cabinet of the chief business-man. I fancied that the odd mixture of peoples which I saw there was observable only in the currents of travel, and that I should find Vienna solidly German in appearance. Nothing of the sort; and that which was still more striking was that the Vienna speech did not seem at all like the harsh and guttural language of Northern Germany, where German only was spoken. I strolled along the bank of the Danube Canal, whose current flowed impetuously past low and ancient-looking houses, gray in color, on one bank, and on the other past the splendid edifices which ornament the new "Ring." Fences separate the bank of the canal from the streets, and on the sloping green sward there was a motley gathering. The humble folk from the back streets had come out to repose there and to watch the current, dangerously near which any number of small bald-headed babies were playing. The mothers, stretched at full length on the grass, gossiped in loud, shrill voices, and seemed to take no heed for their darlings. Great hulking men sat here and there, smoking pipes and eating bits of bread and meat alternately. Your true Viennese of the lower order cannot refrain from smoking for a long time: he grudges the moments of sleep, for they deprive him of his favorite pipe. A few of the loungers on the canal's shores were evidently regular visitors there for professional purposes. Among them was a very old woman with purple face and bulbous eyes, whose livelihood was laboriously gained by washing poodles and shearing them. The spectacle of this old creature plunging the cringing and whining animals into the water, then drawing them out and scrubbing them with a coarse towel, was comical in the

extreme. Another "professional" was the toy-seller, a bushy-haired youth in a leathern jerkin and very dilapidated hose, with a frowzy fur cap placed on his locks and a basket filled with cheap wooden toys on one arm. A few *commissionaires* in red caps were beating carpets in a lazy way under an arch of one of the bridges. A little group of vagabonds, dirty and disconsolate, was crouched not far from this bridge, and seemed to shrink into the shade whenever the imperious policeman, with his hand on his broad sabre, stalked near them.

Crossing the Ring-Strasse—of which more anon—I plunged into the side streets, and speedily found myself confronted by a huge flight of steps leading up among houses which appeared to have been on a prolonged drinking-



THE "GRABEN."

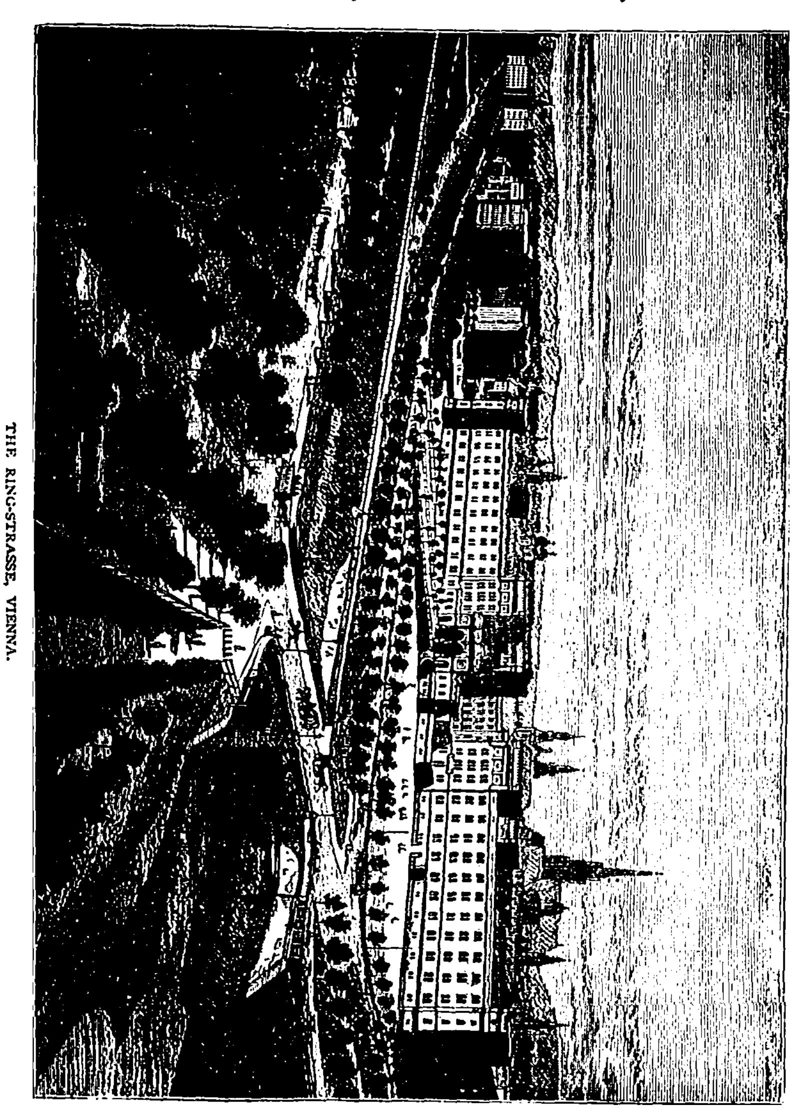
bout, and were tipsily endeavoring to keep their equilibrium. Serving-maids, with hats set upon the extreme verge of topknots of straw-colored hair, and wearing red gowns, dark gaiters and yellow basques, tripped down by me, impudently grinning as they passed. Gretchen, Netti and Katti are fond of a joke, especially if it be at the expense of a stranger. I would I could speak well of their taste in dress, but I cannot. Candor compels me to state, however, that among these toiling women of the people there are some wonderful types of beauty. Are the most beautiful German, Slavic or Hungarian? I know not. They are all witty, light-headed, ignorant, and the real Vienna serving-girl thinks that the world is bounded by the Kahlenberg, a high mountain-peak which looks down upon the lofty tower of St. Stephen's. Their merry laughter is heard in every street, and they always seem to be going somewhere in great haste, much to the delight of soldiers and loungers in general.

Once at the top of the stairs, I found my way without much difficulty to the cathedral. I passed through many an ill-smelling alley, and was not a little

amazed at the absence of the animation usual in a large city. In some of the sunless and dreary avenues not a soul was to be seen, unless, perchance, a fluffy face emerged from a beer-cellar: in others people sat silently—looking, as I chose to fancy, rather morose—in their shops. Had I gone back to the canal or into any of the principal parks, as it happened to be a very warm and sunshiny day, I should have found the people whom I looked for in vain in their homes. Presently I came to the dark and gloomy avenue monopolized by the sons of Abraham, who sell old and new clothes and clocks, watches, bones and rubbish. It had the appearance of a miniature exchange. The Jews, nearly all dressed in extravagantly long coats which came down to their heels, and in flat caps which only set off to great advantage the ugliness of their faces, and their abundant hair combed in front of their ears in uncouth fashion, were chaffering with each other, and now and then their voices rose into that pleading shriek which signifies that the Hebrew has said his last word in a bargain. As I came in they all looked at me as if I were an intruder, and one of them, laying a skinny hand upon my arm, endeavored to arrest my course as well as my attention. Anxious to see the interior of his shop, I pretended to be persuaded, and looked in among the extraordinary specimens of cheap clothing which garnished the doorway. The stench of stale sewage, of beer and food, was revolting. I doubt if a ray of health-giving sun or a breath of anything like pure air had been known in that infected avenue for fifty years. All the men were frightfully dirty, but seemed sweetly unconscious of their degraded appearance. It is in the morning that the Jews congregate most numerously in front of their houses for the purposes of traffic, and I came after the business of the day was over. Still, I have a most lively recollection of the manner in which I was tormented to purchase articles to which I would have given houseroom on no condition whatsoever. I suppose that dozens of the wretched-looking objects whom I passed were millionaires, but they seemed fit for a chorus to the *Beggars' Opera*. All is grist that comes to their mill: it may be a brass watch, or a servant's livery, or a silk dress, or clothes stripped from a drowned person: they buy for little and sell for a great deal. They are harmless creatures, but I defy any stranger to find himself suddenly surrounded by them, to gaze upon their haggard and unwashed and unshaven faces, and to feel them nervously pulling him this way and that, without for a few moments experiencing strange misgivings which he is afterward at a loss to account for to himself. And it is but a step from such forbidding places as this to the brightness, the cheerful elegance, of some principal street, where never an unkempt Jew shows his face! Heaven bless the Hebrews! They are, after all, the most influential folk in Vienna, and it is no discredit to them that a certain number of their race will not wash their faces and have a resistless passion for dealing in rubbish. The Jews own the finest palaces in Vienna; they manage and dictate the policy of the Vienna press; they control the Viennese banking business; and they could crumple up in a day, if they were not too kind and considerate to do so, two-thirds of the members of the Austrian, Hungarian and Galician nobility, who in society pretend to be infinitely their superiors. As for the Jews engaged in high finance and in the liberal professions, they are as dandyish as their brethren of the lower classes are negligent. Paris and London tailors have nothing which is too good or too costly for them. The Hebrew who now and then confiscates the goods and chattels of some wealthy Christian must feel a grim satisfaction when he remembers that up to 1856 his race had almost no privileges in Vienna, and that in 1849 no Jew could remain in the city over night without a passport, which he was obliged to have renewed every fifteen days. Four hundred and fifty years ago five-score Jews were burned alive in the Austrian capital because the rumor ran that some son of Israel had purchased a consecrated wafer, and had

made use of it in parodying the forms of the Catholic high mass.

It was refreshing to get out of the Judengasse into decent air, and at last to find myself before the old cathedral, around which the busy life of commer-



THE RING-STRASSE, VIENNA.

cial Vienna flowed and roared as a noisy stream breaks at the base of a majestic rock. St. Stephen's cathedral is entitled to the traveller's keenest admiration. Legend and history and poetry have done their utmost to make it interesting, and its beautiful proportions at once enlist one's sympathies. The Viennese

have a positive affection for it, and stop in the midst of their morning hurry to look lovingly upon it. The old southern tower of the noble limestone edifice dates from 1359, and it was nearly a century before it was completed. From that tower the weary Austrians saw the glitter of the spears and helmets of the Christian army approaching to deliver them from the besieging Turks in those dread days when the Burg bastion was already in the hands of the infidel, and when it seemed certain that he would be able to pillage the town; and from the same tower, with sinking hearts, Viennese high in power watched the progress of the battle between French and Austrians at Essling when this century was young. The thorough restoration which the church has undergone in the last fifteen years has detracted no whit from its picturesqueness. The Giant's Door, opened only when some great religious festival demands the use of every portion of the cathedral, is extremely imposing. It is not the custom of the Viennese to mention that the tower has been entirely restored; but such is the fact, as the ancient one had become so shaky that it had twice undergone very extensive repairs. The common people in Austria are exceedingly devout, and the Protestant traveller feels almost as if he were guilty of indelicacy in stalking before the rows of worshippers who may be found at nearly every hour of daylight kneeling at the shrines or thumbing their prayer-books or loudly responding to the intonations of the priests. The lovely faces of the adoring women are not raised as their shoulders are brushed by the heretic who has come to spy out the wonders of the church. Whether or not the religion be more than skin-deep, it is certainly apparent to a considerable degree on the surface. The richly-carved choir-stalls, the ornate stained glasses of fifteenth-century workmanship, the stone which closes the entrance to the old vault in which the sovereigns of Austria were long buried (the present receptacle of dead royalty is in the church of the Capuchins), the altar representing the stoning of Stephen, the Adlerthor and the Bischofsthor, the groined vaulting supported by eighteen massive pillars,—are all worth many hours of careful study. So are the beggars, deputies from the under-strata of all Austria's nationalities, who lay in wait for me—and I dare say will for you when you go to Vienna—both within and without the sacred edifice. Old women, importunate as witches, heap imprecations in the *Wiener* dialect upon the luckless wight who does not drop a kreutzer-piece into their trembling hands.

High up in the tower swings a noble and melodious bell called "Josephine," cast in the reign of Joseph I., and rung for the first time when Charles VI. fastened the imperial crown upon his brows at Frankfort. Black days have come to Austria since that time: the house of the Habsburgs—noteworthy because it has been so full of almost blameless princes—has seen bitter humiliation, and profound discouragement has knocked at the doors of the "Burg," as the Viennese call the monarch's palace. But steady toil at reconstruction has done good both to men's spirits and to their prospects, and some day Josephine's mighty tongue will clamorously announce a great victory. The peasants in the far-away Styrian Mountains sometimes stop suddenly in their work, and, calling to each other, say, "Do you hear Josephine in Vienna? What can have happened?" The bell is of immense power. An ingenious fire-alarm is also managed from the belfry in which Josephine is housed. St. Stephen's is so central that the numbers of the streets are reckoned from it.

From the venerable church it is but a short walk through handsome streets lined with fine business-blocks, the lower stories of which are devoted to attractive shops, to the Graben, the broad but not long avenue which the eye hails gratefully after resting on narrow lanes on many sides of it. The most bewildering effect is produced on the visitor by constantly stepping from brilliant thoroughfares into mean and unattractive ones. The arcades which branch out from the Graben are much finer than the "passages" of

Paris. It is astonishing that they have not been adopted in our American cities, where the extreme heat in summer and the cold and snow in winter render them very desirable. The Graben—which derives its name from the fact that it is on the site of the moat of the old fortifications existing in the twelfth century—is a dangerous place for people with slender purses, for in the windows are displayed all the tempting specialties of Vienna, such as delicious Russia leather goods, ornamental bindings for books and albums, bronzes and *bijouterie*, photographs—for which the Viennese artists seem to possess especial talent—and carvings from the Tyrol and from the Styrian Alps. There are no striking architectural features in the famous avenue; the red-nosed hackmen group around a peculiar-looking monument erected in 1693 to commemorate the cessation of the plague; and, in the season, hundreds of tall, elegant ladies, equipped in the latest Paris fashions, besiege the shops. "The season" is an unfortunate moment for the stranger who is not rich. In autumn and winter every hotel, every suitable apartment-house, every palace, is occupied by the country nobility, who flock in from their estates, where they have been economizing for seven months, to lead a merry life in the capital for the other five. Princes, archdukes and counts are as plenty as blackberries in an American pasture. The respect for title is carried to an exaggerated point in Austria unknown even in Great Britain. The porter at a grand hotel speaks with bated breath of his titled guests. Hat-raising, genuflexion and hand-kissing salute the nobleman from the moment he leaves his bedchamber until he returns to it at night. These courtesies cost money: each noble lord is severely fleeced by his retainers, by shopkeepers and by hotel-men; and before he leaves for home he is frequently compelled to call upon some Hebrew friend for a tremendous loan. Vienna is a very expensive capital: it is safe to say that fifty cents there will not buy more than twenty in Paris. The unit is the gulden (half a dollar), and the bootblack, the chambermaid, the steward, the restaurant waiter —all expect gulden gratuities from him who only remains for a day or two in the house where they serve. Each hotel has at its entrance an awful functionary dressed in regimentals, with a gold-laced cap and a magisterial air. This personage speaks all languages with equal infelicity, pays your bills if goods are sent home, receives your visitors, conducts you to your carriage, makes you hundreds of bows, and increases the cost of your stay in the city about fifteen per cent. by his demands upon your finances. He works from twelve to sixteen hours per day for perhaps the same number of years, and then sets up in the hotel business for himself in some small town, and dies rich and rotund with Vosslaüer wine or white beer. He is usually of Swiss extraction, but sometimes he is from the Dalmatian or Italian coast. The Austrian proper rarely engages in the laborious and lucrative employment of hotel-porter. He likes rather to be a clerk in some banking or wholesale establishment, where he probably earns less in five years than the porter receives in six months, but where he is not compelled to dress in uniform nor to sit up half the night. No porter was ever known to have any "change." If a five-gulden note be handed him with the request that he pay some small bill for you, he says that he will hand you the change when you come in again, but he invariably forgets to do it. A waiter at an American watering-place is mildness itself when compared with this personage, whose tyranny touches all classes alike, and makes them bleed freely.

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